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The Beauty of Life.

How beautiful it is to be alive!
To wake each day as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing "How happy is our case!
How beautiful it is to be alive!"

To read in some good book until we feel
Love for the one who wrote it—then to kneel
Close unto Him whose love our souls will shrive;
While every moment's joy doth more reveal
How beautiful it is to be alive.

Rather to go without what might increase
Our worldly standing than our souls deprive
Of frequent speech with God, or than to cease
To feel, through having lost our health and peace,
How beautiful it is to be alive.

Not to forget, when pain and grief draw nigh,
Into the ocean of time past to dive
For memories of God's mercies, but to try
To bear all nobly, hoping still to cry—
"How beautiful it is to be alive!"

Thus ever towards man's height of nobleness
Striving some new perfection to contrive;
Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand, and, having died, feel none the less
How beautiful it is to be alive.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

My sole fear was the fear of doing an unrighteous thing.—*Socrates.*

The Christian Paradox.

SERMON BY

REV. J. WARSCHAUER.

"*The Christ must suffer.*"—ACTS xxvi. 23.

These words are of the very essence of New Testament teaching; not only do we find them occurring in numberless places in the apostolic writings, but again and again the idea which they express is ascribed to Jesus himself, and passage after passage could be quoted from the Gospels representing him as telling the disciples that the lot of the Christ must be suffering and pain and death.

To us, separated as we are from New Testament times and ways of thinking by the lapse of centuries, and by all that goes to make up our social and intellectual environment, there seems nothing extraordinary or startling in this idea which our text enunciates; we have been brought up to think of Christ as suffering—indeed, it has been not unjustly remarked that Christians tend to think of their Master too much as though he had spent his whole life upon the cross.

As a consequence of this habit of thought most people do not sufficiently realise—indeed, it never occurs to them—that what to us is a

most natural way of regarding Christ's fate, did not at all so present itself to the men and women of his age, did in effect appear to them meaningless and contradictory, a paradox running counter to all their pre-conceived notions. If we read the Gospels with any degree of attention, we cannot help receiving a glimpse every now and then of the current ideas concerning the function and probable career of the Messiah, the Anointed One, the "Christ." The ancient prophets had foretold, and the thought had taken deep root in the course of generations, that the Messiah would come, in times of Israel's humiliation and need, to put an end to foreign oppression, to drive out the heathen overlords with supernatural aid, to re-establish the ancient Hebrew monarchy, and, as its ruler, to inaugurate the Golden Age of peace and prosperity.

You will remember how this conception of the Messiah was really that of Jesus' followers; it comes up again and again—in the request of the sons of Zebedee to have seats by the side of Christ in his kingdom, like two high officers of exalted dignity; in the wrangle of the apostles as to who should occupy, in that kingdom, the first place; in the unavailing efforts of Jesus to convince them that the kingdom was not "here" or "there," but within themselves, if anywhere at all. Everything tends to show that those who stood nearest to Jesus, and might have been expected to know better, could not free themselves from the notion that his mission was mainly a political, and not a spiritual one; that on some not distant day he would throw off his lowly guise, summon the angel hosts to his aid, at their head defeat and annihilate the Roman intruders, and then in splendour and pomp initiate an earthly kingdom of which he should be the prince, and in which his faithful followers would receive offices and judgeships and other posts of honour.

How strongly this view affected his contemporaries will be seen from the fact that it was the claim to be the Christ which practically sealed Jesus' fate; for his adversaries saw in it the implied intention to start a rebellion against Roman rule—and you will recollect that the charge on which he was ultimately condemned was not a religious one at all, but that set forth by the inscription over the cross—the alleged desire to make himself "King of the Jews."

Imagine the surprise, the disappointment, nay—the word is none too strong—the disgust of these people whose hopes were centred upon a return of Israel to political power, upon a purely earthly kingdom, when Jesus told them that they were all mistaken in their expectations, that his vocation was not to lead his nation through bloodshed to temporal power, but to bear grief and sorrow even to the utmost (Matt. xvi. 22). Peter's concern and semi-incredulity, when Jesus informs him of his approaching end, are among the most life-like touches in the narrative—not to *such* a consummation had he looked forward; and of the other disciples we are told (Luke xviii. 34) that "they understood none of these things; and this saying was hid from them."

So much for the Jewish attitude to the conception of a *suffering* Christ—to us so obvious, because so customary; they were totally unprepared for it, they did not understand it, if anything, it rather shocked them, as a travesty or perversion of any sacred or noble idea would us.

As with the Jews so with the Greek and Roman world to which the gospel was next introduced by the labours of St. Paul—only in a still higher degree. The Greeks worshipped beauty, symmetry, harmony; the Romans worshipped vigour, power, self-assertion; both races worshipped *success*. Activity, not passivity was their ideal. The leader whom they were to follow must be a masterful, imperious personage, marching with sure and haughty step from victory to victory. And here was one whom his very disciples acknowledged never to have won any earthly renown, never to have accomplished anything worth recording, as men count accomplishments, who had completed his brief and unsuccessful career by a felon's death, the kind of punishment reserved for slaves, which carried with it disgrace unspeakable. To choose such an one as their captain of salvation—the very notion was revolting to the Greek and Roman mind. A conquering, laurel-crowned saviour they might have welcomed as God's Anointed; from the crucified peasant they shrank—the cross became to them a stumbling-block, offensive to all their instincts. How powerful these instincts of aversion to a suffering Messiah were, we notice over and over again in reading of the Gnostics, whose history fills a long and tangled chapter in the records of the early

Christian Church, theory after theory was devised to reconcile men's distaste for the historical facts with the facts themselves: some asserted that Christ's body, and the pain which that body underwent, were not *real*, but only apparent—a view which, *e.g.*, strongly colours the fragment of the spurious Gospel of St. Peter, recently brought to light; others said that the body indeed was flesh and blood belonging to the man Jesus, but that the spirit, which was the real Christ, and had descended upon Jesus at baptism, left him again before the crucifixion, all these theorisings having only one end in view—viz., to overcome, to escape from the unpalatable, intolerable fact that the founder of the new religion had died by an ignominious death, had known pain and shame and agony.

And yet, in the face of this all but overwhelming mass of prejudice, those who in God's good providence had been called to spread the message of Christianity, affirmed, and went on affirming, not merely that Christ had suffered, but that the Christ *must* suffer; and stranger still, they succeeded in convincing the world of it, so that to-day, as we said before, no thought is more familiar, more natural to us than that from which the ancient world turned at first in passionate revulsion, and which the very followers of Jesus did not understand.

"The Christ must suffer." Let us look at the words carefully—they well deserve our attention, for in the change of the world's attitude, from one of repugnance and unbelief, to one of fervent acceptance and heart-felt conviction of their truth, we may trace the greatest moral and spiritual revolution that has ever come over man. From the expectation of a warlike Messiah, come to slay his enemies and to introduce a reign of splendour and prosperity, to the belief in that lowly Christ who taught forgiveness of one's enemies instead of revenge, and who was finally raised, not to a golden throne, but to the cross of shame and bitter suffering—what an immense distance! Do we at all realise what it meant? It meant the passage from a general disposition which had self-interest for its recognised goal, to one which, as unconditionally placed altruism, the yielding up of self and its longings, upon the throne, from a state of opinion which awarded the victor's palm to him who most successfully fought for himself, to a state of mind which understood that it is better to bear the burdens and the pains, the sorrows, aye, and if possible, the very sins of one's brethren, than to fare daintily, and live in comfort and security, and glance loftily at those whose lot is less fortunate; better to give—give ones very life-blood—than to receive.

That doctrine—and not what later centuries added on to it—is the real centre, the ever-recurring burden of Christ's teaching, coming up in saying after saying which, no doubt, seemed obscure to some of those to whom it was addressed—such as, that they who *sought* their life, *sought* their own advance, should lose it, while they who lost their lives should truly find them. Time after time he thus enforced in language which must have sounded strange to his hearers, the new point of view which it took them a long while to assimilate: that not in the gratification of self, but in the voluntary sacrifice of self, lies the true triumph, the true gain, the true mission of him who would be a Messiah to his fellow-beings. To put this yet more forcibly: not only did Christ suffer, but it was by virtue of his suffering that he was the Christ. Christ-ship involves, as its necessary condition, sacrifice, sorrow, affliction borne for others; that is meant by saying that the Christ *must* suffer.

And is it not true? Does not all experience bear it out? What is it that touches the great heart of humanity most vividly in the story of that matchless life? What is it that endears Jesus most to us, that has had most to do with the sway his name and his teaching exercise? Is it not this—the way in which he performed his mission, obeyed the heavenly vision, with quiet resolution, ready to yield up his young life to God under conditions of exceptional sadness, so that he might be true to his call of spreading the truth that was within him? What, think you, has made the world love Jesus as it does—but the fact of his having suffered and having known the bitterness of the cup of sorrow? Place all the miracles ascribed to him in one scale, and in the other the Agony in the Garden; which will outweigh the other? Is it not literally true then that it is his self-surrender to an undeserved fate, his apparent *failure*, which have placed him upon the pedestal which he occupies, as no "success," political or otherwise, no pomp of Kingship or victory over

Rome—such as men had dreamt of for the Messiah—could ever have done? The Messiah of popular fancy might have repeated the military achievements of the Maccabees and been the ruler of a little state for a little while: the Christ who was to become the ruler of the whole earth must—not triumph, but suffer. It is Christ *crucified* who has overcome the world.

Well, what does this mean to us? What lesson does it teach us? The lesson, we need not hesitate to say, is one of fundamental importance; it is being slowly learnt by each successive generation of men and women, nor until a man have learnt it, can he read the riddle of life aright, and this is what it tells us: that the great thing in life is not self-interest, self-assertion, self-indulgence; that the secret of real greatness lies not in aggressiveness, in strength of sinews, or swiftness of insight or power to act, but in the greater power to endure, to renounce, to suffer. Of course, our endurance, our renunciation, our suffering must serve a purpose, must fulfil an aim. S. Simeon Stylites may year after year stand on his column through all the seasons, an object of pity; the flagellant monk may cover his bared back with weals and stripes until, where the knotted scourge falls down mercilessly, the blood runs from the lacerated flesh and he himself sinks and swoons—yet no one is benefited thereby. But not such, observe, were the sufferings of Christ: They were entered upon deliberately, as unavoidable for the fulfilment of his mission—from a Divine compulsion which urged him to give himself up for the well-being—for the salvation—of his brothers. And so throughout, the greatest men and women, those who most truly helped on the world, are but rarely those whom the world acclaimed most loudly during their own life-time, whose splendid achievements and magnificent skill furnished the themes for a thousand contemporary eulogies; but rather those who felt so consuming a love for the poor, the erring, the weak, the lost, that they could not spare a thought for themselves and their own advance or worldly estimation. For their brethren, in the service of mankind, they lived and prayed and toiled—often with aching hands, ever with aching hearts: yes, their hearts were aching with very love.

These, and such as these, were the Christs of their generation, God's true anointed; and seldom did they receive much favour or recognition at men's hands, mostly obloquy was their share, often and often were they crucified and burnt, these prophets and reformers, amidst taunts and mockeries; and in all cases, they *suffered*.

Suffer—how could they help it? All the error, all the misery, all the injustice they saw, entered into their bosoms as so many swords; once more, it was *because* they suffered that they were fitted to be Christs, saviours of their race. For true love produces such perfect oneness of feeling that the pain, the degradation, the error of the beloved are felt by the lover as his own: for him there is no more separation as between individuals; he identifies himself with all other souls, and thus takes upon him as his all that weighs upon them, all their imperfections, all their sorrows. And, throwing the pain which is not his, voluntarily, upon the altar of his heart, into the fire of his love, and letting that fire work upon it, he causes the pain, the suffering, to be transformed into spiritual *power*—the power to inspire, to rescue, to save. Such is the story of all the Christs of all the ages: it is what they endured rather than what they did, that has told upon the world. Their influence is for ever summed up in the words: "Surely he hath borne our afflictions, and by his stripes were we healed."

We have seen now the enormous change in the world's mode of thinking, which is indicated in the words of our text, and we have endeavoured to understand its meaning a little more fully; we have seen that it meant the substitution for one ideal, self-assertion—another and its very opposite—namely, self-denial. The Christ must come in glory, said the one; the Christ must come in humility, said the other. The Christ shall wreak vengence upon his enemies, and terror shall go before him, said the one; the Christ shall forgive his enemies and bless them that curse him, said the other. His coming shall be marked by the clash of swords and the sound of trumpets, affirmed the first; "he shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench," answered the second. The

Christ shall reign, said the one; the Christ *must suffer*, the answer came floating back, and through suffering approve himself: and it is this second voice which has prevailed, and the nations which once treated it with ridicule now listen to it with pious awe.

Little time is left, and little time is needed, to point out the application of all this to ourselves, for it is a very obvious one. But, before proceeding to this, it would perhaps be well to say here explicitly what might else perhaps be overlooked: The sufferings of Jesus were not confined to, still less did they begin upon, the cross; they ended there, it is true, but they extended all over his ministry. For as we already said, the true Messiah shares all through the sorrows of his brother-souls; it is because he is seized with such a passionate pity for them, for their afflictions of body and mind, for their grievous shortcomings, material and moral, that he devotes himself to the work of rescue; it is his sorrowing love, his immense compassion that provide him with the spiritual power to go on with his mission: the crucifixion is but the consummation, the coping-stone at once and the final symbol of his life.

As for us, who are not Christs, who are not called to great destinies or to great acts of renunciation—what does it all suggest? This, surely: that the keynote, the meaning, the very condition of the best and truest life is not the struggle, sometimes brutal, sometimes sordid, often both, for personal gain, personal enjoyment, personal success, heedless of the fate, the feelings, the fortunes of all the rest—but that which went to make up the Christ life: sympathy. Sympathy—we translate it with fellow-feeling; it does not mean that primarily, it means a much deeper thing—fellow-*suffering*. We must widen out our hearts, we must become alive to the pathos of human existence, our ears must discern beneath the din and rush of selfish cares and interests, the constant undertone of

"The low, sad music of humanity."

Our eyes must be trained not to hide themselves, nor avert their glances, from the unceasing spectacle of human privation, preventible ignorance and disease and degradation. Yes, we shall suffer in beholding these, our hearts will ache—that is the meaning of sympathy—and so did Christ suffer, only in an immensely acuter degree, inasmuch as his nature transcended ours in depth and tenderness and love.

But as we shall cultivate this habit of the wider outlook, the wider interest, the wider love of humankind, how our personal desires will dwindle, our own petty cares and pettier ambitions and vexations will fade from view, and the pain of sacrifice be lost and swallowed up in the greater joy of giving, of helping, of befriending, of rescuing those from whom formerly we may have held aloof in selfish isolation! For in the degree in which we grow conscious of some at least of the pain and grief which exist, in the degree in which these feelings invade our own hearts, we shall become filled with an overmastering, passionate wish to prevent, to remedy, to abolish as much of our brethren's sorrow, to soothe and bind up and mollify as many of their wounds as we may; and gladly shall we give up some of our ease, some of our means, some of our energy in this loving service which constitutes the true imitation of Christ. As for the comforts and enjoyments and pleasures which we may have to renounce—hardly shall we miss them; each act of sacrifice will be transformed into an act of beatitude.

Such is the nature of true sympathy: it breaks down the barriers of individual feelings, and establishes instead a bond of union which naught can sever. Now we understand the profound meaning which underlies that feature of New Testament teaching which we have been considering, that which asserted in the face of all prejudices to the contrary that it was the natural function and mission of Christ, the most truly "sympathetic" of all God's sons, not to rule, not to conquer, not to triumph, but to suffer. Through the agonisings of the world's Christs is the world for ever being saved. May we in our time and according to our capacity endeavour, by establishing ever wider and more generous sympathies, by giving up ourselves unreservedly to the service of our fellows, to become worthier disciples and imitators of him whom it behoved to suffer ere he entered into his glory.—Amen.

He who is impatient to become his own master, is likely to become his own slave.

Bad Listeners.

There is something to be said concerning the second paradox of which I spoke, that one of the worst of all listeners is the man who does nothing but listen. Even if you know you are being heard with interest and attention—and of this, as I have said, you become instinctively aware, still it is generally hard to get along with comfort, in the absence of some audible sign of the fact. You want to hear an occasional remark of some kind, even if it be not a very brilliant one; for it is necessary to make the friction of mind upon mind a thing of palpable consciousness. Then, too, even the simplest remarks help to show how far your hearer has followed you, to what extent he has grasped your meaning, and what are the points in your conversation which strike him most forcibly and interest him most keenly. Indeed, the slightest response is helpful to a talker in more ways than can be mentioned. Even if it betrays some misapprehension, it is useful as an indicator of the path to be taken. To return to the figure I have already used, it acts in the same way as the canal embankment, and keeps the flood of talk within boundaries which will indeed narrow it, but at the same time make it more serviceable. The value of a listener, who can at the right moment become the speaker, is enhanced by the fact that his occasional contributions to the conversation give the principal talker physical and mental breathing times, and enable him to collect and arrange one set of thoughts, which has slipped away while he has been dealing with another. These moments of repose are often felt to be absolutely necessary; in fact, there are few things in conversation more terrible than that attentive silence which seems most complete when you are in the midst of that involved sentence which you know you can never finish, or have just begun that argument which you see will inevitably bring you to grief.

There are people who, whenever you begin to talk, will give you plenty of rope; and the result is that you hang yourself in the most satisfactory manner. They will not help you; they will not even contradict you; they know if you go on at that pace you will before long contradict yourself most effectually. This too silent attention is certainly not a common defect; and it is, perhaps, because we are so unused to it that we find it so trying. Very few talkers can ever finish a sentence neatly, because they are so constantly interrupted that they get very little practice in the art. They are equally used to hearing every step of an argument questioned, and so they lose all logical force when in the company of some men, who will allow them to complete their train of reasoning—if they can. When I contemplate these perplexities, I am inclined to think that our usual habits of interruption, if not exercised with absolute rudeness, are after all the best; for one of the essentials of conversations, as distinguished from speechifying, is a certain fragmentariness and unsystematic spontaneity, both of which are lost when a man feels compelled to round his sentences, and arrange his thoughts in a logical order.

Bad listeners are of many kinds—too many to be easily enumerated. I have already spoken of those who will not listen, and who may be called morally bad listeners; but there are others—and a very numerous class—who are, more or less, mentally deficient; and these cases it must be seen, are quite hopeless. The man who is simply indisposed to give you his attention may be vanquished by some extraordinary display of vocal force or mental vivacity; that is, you may either shout down his apathetic indifference, or (and this is, of course, the more scientific method) you may rouse his interest and stimulate his curiosity in spite of himself. But between you and the man who cannot listen, there is fixed an impregnable fortress of incapacity. This incapacity is of many kinds, and is often met with where we should least expect it; it arises from many causes, and its manifestations are so various that it is difficult either to number or to classify them. Some people are prevented from listening by a sort of mental instability and waywardness, accompanied by a lawless predominance of the associative faculties. A person of this order gives you his attention for one or two minutes, and then you see that his mind has left you altogether, and gone away on some excursion of its own. Jenkinson is expounding some lofty, scientific theory to Dobbs, when he suddenly observes the eye of Mr. D. fixed upon him with a vacant stare, and there is also a curious smile, for which he fails to

find a reasonable cause in any remark he has made. He (Jenkinson) is modestly conscious of the many merits of his conversation, but thinks that they are of a solid order, and does not lay claim to any decided gift of humour. Whence, then, that look of quiet amusement, which irradiates the not otherwise expressive face of Mr. Dobbs? Jenkinson wonders much as he solemnly goes on with the unfolding of his theory. At last the exposition is completed. "These are my views," he says, in conclusion; "Now tell me candidly, Dobbs, do you think that Professor Binks has a leg left to stand upon?" "Why, to tell you the truth," replies Dobbs, with the most radiant good nature, "I am afraid I have not been listening very carefully to the last few arguments. Your mention of Darwin reminded me most forcibly of Charlie Chester's monkey, and then I got to thinking of the picnic which the Chester's gave last summer, when the little brute tore off old Miss Grice's bonnet and wig and put them on his own head, concluding the performance by flinging them into a basin full of salad. I remember Charlie saying they would do for the dressing. A more ludicrous scene you could not imagine; I always feel inclined to laugh when I think of it! It is much to be feared that Jenkinson so far from feeling inclined to laugh, feels inclined to be rather cross, when he finds that he has been wasting his scientific sweetness upon the desert air of Mr. Dobbs' pleasures of memory. But crossness is of no use under such circumstances. Poor Dobbs has a volatile nature, and you can never say fifty words to him without dropping something which will inevitably transport him from your side into some unknown world. Dobbs has his uses undoubtedly; but it is quite clear that Providence never intended him for a listener. There are people who are mentally narrow, who can listen within a certain range. Talk about some subjects and you have their ear at once; enter upon others, and, though you may be a golden-mouthed conversationalist, they will only look distressed and bored. Then there are others who may be called conversational Athenians, who will listen to you on any subject, celestial or terrestrial, grave or gay, for the space of five minutes; but, the moment you pass that limit, become nervously impatient for some new thing. In obedience to their demands, you hop about from subject to subject, with movements about as easy and graceful as those of a dancing-bear; and at last you gain your release, completely tired out by your saltatory performances. Some people listen critically, and constantly interrupt you to make some miserable correction. You happen, quite casually, to make the striking and novel remark, that "Modern science has put a telegraphic girdle round the world," when "Mr. Wright begs pardon for breaking the thread of your talk, but he hardly thinks your statement is literally accurate; he may be mistaken, but he believes no cable is yet laid between the East of Asia and the Western coast of America." This kind of thing happens half-a-dozen times in the course of an hour without contributing to the conversation a single word which is worth hearing or remembering. Men like Mr. Wright can only be regarded as social nuisances, and should be snubbed accordingly. I am drawing near to the close of this essay. Let me say, in conclusion, that of all bad listeners, the worse and most terrible to encounter is the man who is so fond of listening, that he wishes to hear, not only your conversation, but that of every other person in the room. The voices most difficult to catch are of course those which are most distant; and, accordingly, the gentleman who has this little failing, gives one-third of his mind to you, who are sitting by his side, and two-thirds to the strong-minded lady from New England, who is haranguing a congenial coterie, half-a-dozen yards off. Sometimes his interest becomes so painfully excited, that he feels bound to inform you of your comparative insignificance, and says, with a sweet smile, "Excuse me for a moment, but I just want to hear what Miss Hominy is saying, as to the fitness of women for nautical pursuits." When Miss Hominy has concluded, he is anxious for you to go on again; but probably you have had enough of this example of the fearful consequences of a neglect of the art of listening.

It is the inability of love to save itself, to think of itself, to do anything but give itself for the blessing of its object. This is the nature of love. No pain deters it, for it quenches pain in the fountain of its own life.—*Philip Moxom.*

Religion in Relation to Philosophy.*

By Edwin P. Barrow.

Philosophy stands apart from Religion on the one hand, from Science on the other. Philosophy, as now understood, takes up some of the results of science and systematises them—is itself scientific—but philosophy, in the old sense, was an attempt by efforts of pure reason to penetrate the nature of things, to explain the universe and the destiny of man, to solve the great problems of being and of thought.

Religion starts with an assumption of revelation, that is, of communicated knowledge; science proceeds from ascertained facts, and makes an equal claim to positive knowledge; philosophy has its origin in speculative reasoning, is therefore largely conjectural, and must be content with subjective, temporary convictions. It is with this theorising philosophy that we are here concerned.

To think of Ancient Philosophy is to think of Ancient Greece, which was its home. There was a philosophy of the East, as we shall presently see, but there it remained intertwined with religion, and can hardly be said to have acted as a distinct influence on Western thought. In Greece philosophy, once free, showed a growth which was rapid, vigorous, and independent. That growth may be said, roughly, to have passed through three stages. There was first the period in which philosophy turned its attention to external nature, endeavoured to discover the one permanent substance underlying all forms, framed theories of the origin and relations of things. There was the second period when, baffled in its search into the nature of things, it turned from the outer world to the inner, and concerned itself with the mind's ideas of things, and framed theories, not of the origin and relations of things, but of man's knowledge of things. Theories of knowledge took the place of theories of being. And there was the third period, in which both matter and mind were of less interest, and the question was now one of practical life and personal conduct. We may say then that in Greece philosophy was first natural, then mental, then moral. Physics, Metaphysics, Ethics, would be, perhaps, another way of marking the same gradation.

Greek philosophy had run its course when the last liberties of Greece came to an end in the second century before Christ. Its native force was spent, but it took effect in two systems, remote and yet derived from itself, Alexandrian Platonism and Roman Stoicism. The first is of the highest importance because of its influence upon Christian doctrine, the second of the highest interest because of the comparison which it suggests with Christian morality.

But here it may occur to us to ask whether Judaism, out of which Christianity sprang, had any philosophy of its own. Philosophy, in the boldest, freest sense of the term, was of course impossible. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth;" "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth;" "The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them;" "Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands." A belief so sublime, and at the same time so firmly fixed in the minds of all, left no room for cosmological speculation. And, indeed, speculation of any kind on matters outside the range of human experience was alien from the Jewish mind. The deeper problems of existence, human or divine, were little felt, and therefore little touched upon. Few difficulties presented themselves with regard to the personality of God, the reality of Providence, the freedom and responsibility of the human will, the origin and limits of human knowledge. And yet the Jews had their "wise men," who were recognised as a separate class, neither priests nor prophets, and amongst their Sacred Books stand two which are distinctly Sapiential, Proverbs and Ecclesiastes—books so detached from Jewish law and Jewish history, so broad and comprehensive, that they seem to be not more for one nation than for all mankind. But their philosophy, if philosophy it is, is closely connected with practice. It is grounded upon human experience. "It deals with the problems, not of being in the abstract, but of human life." The Proverbs are maxims of practical duty; Ecclesiastes is an essay on the vanity of earthly

* This will be followed by a paper by Rev. S. A. Steinthal.—"Religion in relation to Theology."

pleasures and pursuits. Both make the fear of the Lord the beginning of wisdom, and the end; and that in itself kept speculation within strict bounds. It is not until we come to the Apocryphal Book of the Wisdom of Solomon that we find direct evidence of the influence of Greek philosophy on Jewish thought, though here also the religious character of the work as a whole is preserved. Christianity, then, had no set system of philosophy to maintain, or to unlearn, when it stood before the world. And this, at first a defence, was afterwards a danger, for when at last it attracted the learned, it was tempted to borrow what it lacked from its admirers.

In the New Testament there is only one instance of an encounter between Christianity and the philosophy of the West. But it is an instance of extreme interest. It is given in the Acts of the Apostles, in the account of St. Paul's visit to Athens. The two rival schools which divided the Western Empire, as they divided Athens itself, are expressly named. "Certain philosophers," we read, "of the Epicureans and of the Stoics encountered him." The "Porch," from which the latter took their name, formed one side of the market-place; the gardens of Epicurus were not far away. To Epicureans, pleasure was the highest good, to Stoics, virtue. Well would it have been if they could have agreed to find pleasure in virtue, but they preferred to make an opposition, to put asunder things which religion joins together. Epicurean pleasure could not protect itself from falling into sensuality, Stoical virtue could not keep itself from being lifted up into pride. The followers of Epicurus were practically atheists, the disciples of Zeno were as practically atheists by being pantheists. The "babbler" was a match for them. He preaches the "Unknown God," unknown, yet not far from every one of us; Maker and Preserver of a world which was not, as the Epicurean thought, a chance collection of atoms; the Lord of life and love, and not, as the Stoic said, an impersonal abstraction; the God and Father of all the nations of the earth. He would have gone on to tell them of that "new thing" which he afterwards preached in Corinth, a σοφία, a wisdom, *from* God, incarnate—no system of unembodied ideas — becoming flesh and dwelling among us—but at the name of "Jesus" they cried him down. The more polite made a half promise to hear him again. They might hear him or not; the name had been spoken, and began to work like a spell. The cross, which to Greeks seeking after wisdom was at first "foolishness," reached its complete triumph when at last the schools of philosophy in Athens were closed for ever by order of a Christian Emperor.

The very word "philosophy" occurs in the Epistle to the Colossians: "Take heed lest there shall be anyone that maketh spoil of you through his philosophy and vain deceit." But this philosophy seems to have been of Eastern origin, better known in the many forms of what was afterwards called Gnosticism, a vague unbridled speculation concerning matter, and the origin of evil, and the existence of spiritual mediating influences between God and man. Similarly, in the Epistles to Timothy there are references to two tendencies of a like character, tendencies which the writer does not hesitate to describe, in four separate places, as "old wives' fables," "profane babblings," "vain jangling," and "misnamed knowledge."

Christianity, then, in its first form, owed little to philosophy, and feared nothing from it. Even in the second century a scoffer could boldly say that it was no religion for the educated, and that no educated man desired it. Its system was a short confession of faith, its evidence the testimony received in unbroken line from living witnesses of the living Christ. And yet in time it became as much a philosophy as a religion. Whereas, at first, it had appealed to early tradition, it now appealed to late decrees. But it could hardly have been otherwise; for the learned, attracted at last to Christianity by its high ideals and pure affections, could not but think to improve it by definitions and conclusions, and a standard of right statement. On the other hand, the less educated, already members of the faith, were not unwilling that their religion should be shown to have its foundation in thought—the thought, not only of Palestine, but of the more famous schools of Athens and Alexandria and Rome. And so, by what Cardinal Newman calls a true note of the true development of Christian doctrine, its "assimilative power," Christian doctrine assimilated, absorbed into itself, and converted to its own use, all that it found best in the systems by

which it was surrounded. And it would surely be absurd to say that philosophy, if it has corrupted our religion, has only corrupted it. It has in many respects strengthened and enriched it. Without it Christianity would have failed for many a long day to commend, or even to explain, itself to the educated class; it would have had no vocabulary for the adequate expression of its own swelling volume of truth waiting to be told. Even in the acknowledged writings of St. Paul there are philosophical terms which did not come to him from the Twelve, or from Gamaliel, but from the schools of Tarsus, terms which we could not part with now without losing the very language of some of our most cherished spiritual and ethical ideas. In the later epistles which bear his name, Pauline or not, and in the Johannine writings, there is still more frequent use of the phraseology of the schools—a phraseology which did not cease to be philosophical when it became scriptural. In that Nicene Creed of the fourth century, which would have been unintelligible to the first disciples, and even in the nicer subtleties of the Athanasian Creed, there is that which only the superficial and unreflecting will deride. Here is philosophy, no doubt, but it is philosophy, for the first time, religiously in earnest. "Christianity," says Froude, "in the form which it assumed at the close of the Arian controversy, was the deliberate solution which the most powerful intellects of that day could offer of the questions which had grown with the growth of mankind, and on which Paganism had suffered shipwreck." Creed-making, as the present writer has said elsewhere, was never a pastime. Every clause in the Nicene and Athanasian creeds is a result of eager religious endeavour, the striving of the Christian consciousness to penetrate the mystery of the Being and Operation of the living God, in order to satisfy questionings from within, as well as to meet objections from without; and, as to the student of science, or of politics, everything in their history is of interest and value, so every article of belief, erroneous or not, has its place and title to regard in the development of religious thought. The philosophic habit of mind must be reckoned with, not only in history, but also in the life of our own time. If the doctrine of the Trinity has its difficulties, so also has the doctrine of the Unity; there are those to whom the thought of solitary Omnipotence and unshared Eternity is quite as baffling as the thought of inter-personal distinction within the Godhead. In short, the tendency to philosophise will never be driven out of religion. Tear up the creeds, and we shall still attempt reasoned explanations of the unknown. It may be speculation, but speculation, when reverent, is the striving for expression of a most noble want. Every dogma begins as a personal conviction, has once been intensely believed, has satisfied the urgency of some innermost demand, and for these reasons there are few dogmas which do not deserve attentive study and respect. All that we need contend for is that no dogma, because it has been sanctioned by a majority, shall be enforced as a decree. We must make it clear, humbly and patiently, that correctness of opinion, be it ever so correct, can never be the vital part of religion, or an indispensable condition of salvation. For religion is of the heart rather than of the mind, it is to obey rather than to know, to trust more than to believe. And true wisdom is not that which by searching finds out God, but that which by favour finds out man. The philosophies have raised their airy towers to heaven, and made a very Babel with their many tongues. But the things which are hidden from the wise and prudent are revealed unto babes. God is His own interpreter, and we shall never on earth know more of Him than may be known in Christ Jesus, "who was made unto us *wisdom from God.*"

Some Remarks on the Unitarianism of To-Day.

As I am about to offer a few short criticisms on the methods adopted in Unitarianism and Free Christian Churches—so far as these are known to me from recent personal association, it may be well to explain the circumstances under which I thus venture to play the part of candid friend. Brought up in a High-Anglican atmosphere, where religion was at least an intense reality, an interest in theological discussion led me by slow degrees to give attention to writers whose heterodoxy would at first have merely repelled. Robertson of Brighton, Edwin Abbott, John Fiske, T. H. Green, Dr. Martineau, the Brothers Caird, and Otto Pfleiderer (to mention

only a few names which, with whatever differences, stand for the liberal attitude in religion) taught me to distinguish between "Christianity" in its narrow ecclesiastical sense, and the "Christianity" of a large spiritual experience. Having thus outlined my own personal standpoint, I proceed to give some of the impressions formed during a twelve months' membership in one of your London Churches.

The first thing that struck me on attending a Unitarian service was, how little of a stranger I felt; the general order of the service, and the phraseology of the prayers at once reminded me of the common spiritual heritage to which Unitarians, no less than Churchmen, can lay claim. And here I would express my strong sense of relief at the absence of those creedal and doctrinal formulæ which had long seemed to me, when attending the Anglican service, an intrusion upon the sanctities of the human spirit. Often and often have I inwardly fretted at the absurdity (might I not say irreverence?) which forces upon a mixed congregation a form of words necessarily meaningless to all unacquainted with the history of an early metaphysic, and utterly inadequate to those for whom revelation is no mere past tradition, but a present ever-widening reality.

Of course, I could not fail to make a comparison between the crowded congregation to which I had been accustomed in old days, and the somewhat moderate gathering amongst whom I now found myself. I am well aware that mere numbers are no true test of actual influence in a spiritual sense, and, moreover, it is pretty generally allowed that Anglican congregations are largely composed of folk who, without being intentionally hypocritical, are disposed to evince their social respectability by attendance at the services of the National Church. But, while thus guarding myself against misapprehension, I would observe that the members of Unitarian Churches appear to me too little sensitive of the immense advantages pertaining to an "assembling of themselves together" for mutual confirmation in the love of God and man. Many, I speak under correction, act as if the payment of a subscription constituted almost in itself a title to membership. Mr. Bernard Bosanquet has—in one of his essays—put in a plea for our retention of Sunday as a day more especially of spiritual renewal, and most seriously-minded men and women, whatever their theoretical differences, would, I doubt not, join in such a demand. Is it right that Unitarians should lay themselves open to the charge of indifference on this head?

Long before the consideration of the Unitarian position in Theology forced itself upon me, I had heard rumours as to the "want of fervour" and "dry intellectualism" characterising Unitarian sermons. Need I say that actual experience has quite failed to bear out these charges. Indeed, I have to confess that the danger just now appears to me rather on the side of an excessive appeal to the emotions! Only the other day, in reading the report of certain utterances at the recent Sheffield Conference, I could not help thinking that they indicated something of that lack of balance to which I have here alluded. Surely it is possible to subdue the reproach of a "barren rationalism," without forgetting that religion in its largest and best sense, makes appeal to the *Whole Man*, and not to one side of his nature only.

I fear it must be admitted that, as yet, comparatively few exhibit a really thoughtful interest in matters of religion; and in this connection I would suggest that the special aim of our Free Churches should be, not to become "popular" in a cheap sense, but to minister to the needs of that small—though gradually increasing—group of people who, while they believe in the supreme worth of religion, demand for it a thoroughly rational setting. For, if we wish to "reach the masses" in any permanent sense, we cannot, I believe, attain this end better than by appealing to those who witness to the needs of the coming generation. In taking such a course I am convinced we are wiser than in showing a feverish anxiety to fill our churches. It has frequently been pointed out that the spread of Unitarian teaching extends far beyond the boundaries within which it is nominally recognised. The Spirit's ways are those of the wind, and the influences of life and thought are much too subtle to be measured with any mathematical exactitude.

As a new comer, may I deprecate the disposition shown in certain Unitarian quarters to resort to something like a test of membership. That which has appealed especially to me in the Unitarian position is the fact that no conformity of belief—beyond a general assent to the great

Christian doctrine of God's Fatherhood—is required of any seeking church membership. I can hardly believe that any alteration in this respect is seriously entertained.

Space prevents my doing more than make a passing allusion to certain other tendencies in the direction of isolating the personality of Jesus in such a way as to militate against what is surely the *ratio essendi* of Unitarianism—the truth, namely, that "God alone must be owned as the Sovereign whom we unconditionally serve" (*vide* Martineau's "Seat of Authority, page 357).

Lastly, I venture to say a word about my own personal feeling over the use of the word "Unitarian." I admit that for long this was a stumbling block, as I have reason to believe it continues to be with not a few Religious Liberals born and bred outside the Unitarian tradition. The word seemed to me at first too narrow—suggesting merely doctrinal differences, and I shrank from adopting it in the place of one so inclusive as "Churchman." However, after consideration I came to recognise that, so long as its particular protest is called for, Unitarianism cannot easily forego its name, and, in identifying myself with one of its Churches, I felt that no objection could reasonably be made to the temporary use at least of a name which has stood—and still stands—so prominently for spiritual freedom.—J. N.

Sudden Forgetfulness.

Not many things are more surprising than the lapses of memory one sometimes meets with in persons whose powers of mind, both natural and acquired, are considered to be much above the average. It would be folly to expect grapes from gooseberry bushes or figs from fir trees; and it would be as preposterous to look for anything but unwisdom from the foolish; but we do anticipate wisdom from the wise; and above all we do anticipate expertness from the really clever. And yet what breakdowns do happen now and again in the senate, on the platform, in the pulpit, and even on the stage, and not seldom the more skilful the person the more curious the catastrophe. In a recently published letter of Thackeray's we have a description of the sudden forgetfulness he was subjected to at the Literary Fund dinner. He was one of the speakers, and he described the affair as an "awful smash." Of the thread of his discourse he seems to have said, not in the words, but in the spirit of an old dramatist—

> 'Tis lost;
> Like what we think can never shun remembrance
> Yet of a sudden's gone beyond the clouds.

But the experience of the author of "Vanity Fair" was far from being singular to himself. Others have got their pearls of thought and illustration into the wrong places, nay, some have even been so unfortunate as to lose both the pearls and their setting. It seems to have been a trying time for Thackeray, and he sat down afterwards and described to a friend what a fool he had made of himself, but his mother, who had contrived to be within hearing, came to the opposite conclusion. Sudden forgetfulness is not an unusual thing in the pulpit. Aubrey, the antiquary, says that when he was a freshman at college he heard Dr. Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, well known for his work "Nine Cases of Conscience," break down in the middle of the Lord's Prayer. Even the great French preacher Massillon once stopped in the middle of a sermon from a defect of memory, and Massillon himself recorded that the same thing happened through excess of apprehension to two other preachers whom he went to hear in different parts of the same day. Another French preacher stopped in the middle of a sermon and was unable to proceed. The pause was, however, got over ingeniously. "Friends," said he, "I had forgot to say that a person much afflicted is recommended to your immediate prayers." He meant himself. He fell on his knees, and before he rose he had recovered the thread of his discourse, which he concluded without his want of memory being perceived. The late Rev. Henry Ware, of Boston, was once in a similar predicament. In the middle of a sermon his memory failed him, and he stopped abruptly. The pause seemed long to the preacher before he regained his thought, and he imagined the sermon to be a failure in consequence, but as he walked quietly up the aisle a different impression was given to him. "How did you like the sermon?" asked one hearer of another. "Like it? It is the best sermon Mr. Ware has ever preached. That pause was sublime!" A good illustration of this sudden forgetfulness comes from the same

district of Boston. A worthy minister there is not only absent minded and has a short memory, but he breaks down as continually as he breaks down suddenly. To counteract this, it is a habit with him, when he forgets anything, to rise again and make a few supplementary remarks, which he always begins with the phrase: "By the way." One Sunday he got half-way through a prayer from memory, when he hesitated, forgot what he was about, and sat down abruptly without pronouncing the closing word. In a moment or two he rose, and pointing his finger at the amazed congregation, he exclaimed: "Oh, by the way, Amen!" It is said of a Father Taylor, a preacher to sailors, that once when he got confused he cried out: "Boys, I've lost my nominative case; but, never mind, we're on the way to glory!" We can understand a lapse of memory taking place when the mind is over-burdened, and unusual demands are being made upon it; but for a failure to occur when there is no stress put upon the mental powers is singular. Here is a case in point. We are told on good authority that a prominent Harvard Professor went into the old Cambridge post-office, and presented himself at the place where the delivery of letters was made. He stood there silent, but apparently very confused about something. The clerk in charge inquired what he desired:—"My letters, please." "Name, sir," asked the clerk." After stammering and stuttering, the learned man said: "I have quite forgotten my name!" The official knew the Professor, and, with a smile, handed him his letters. "You will soon forget your own name next," is a phrase often thrown at the stupid, and perhaps there would be some excuse for them even if they did so. There is some consolation, however, in cases of sudden forgetfulness; the pity is that it does not come soon enough to benefit fully, and at times it is denied altogether to the actor. As for the orator, he knows afterwards that none but himself is aware of the valuable forgotten things, and the difference between the projected ideal and the actual performance. It would have been a great saving of nerve-force, and a pleasureable emotion to have thought of those two items before he had wished himself a thousand miles away, and before the room swam round, and before he burst into perspiration at every pore.

Character Lessons.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES.

By George H. Young.

LESSON XI.—SERVICE.

"Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one."—R. C. Trench.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—*Matt.* vii. 12.

1. What ought you to do for others?
All that I can to help them.
2. Is that a duty?
3. Why should you help everybody?
Because I am put into the world to make others happy.
4. Can boys and girls make others glad?
5. Whom? 6. How?
7. Is your home happier when all the family observe this rule?
8. How ought you to help others?
Gladly, willingly, cheerfully.
9. Do you find that good people are thoughtful about serving others? [to aid?
10. Can you think of Jesus except as one glad
11. Is that a part of religion?
12. Are you careful about these things?
13. For what philanthropist have you the greatest admiration?
14. Tell what you can about the life of John Howard, and mention how he served.
15. Repeat the story of the Good Samaritan.
16. What opportunities are afforded for this virtue in homes, on the play-ground, and in society at large?
17. If one refuses to serve among his friends or in society at large, what sort of character do you regard him?
18. What do you think of the little fellow, who, when asked what he "was doing for the Lord," replied that he was "trying to make baby happy, so she wouldn't cry and disturb my sick mother?" Recite Matt. xx. 28.

To the Teacher.—Show that service is the crowning excellence of noblest life. Dwell on this as the supreme worth in such as Florence Nightingale and Father Damien. Bring out strongly this trait in Jesus. Do all possible to show the effect of this in the home and among playfellows.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The Goblin and the Dentist.

Little Goblin Ketchup,
Sitting on the stair,
Cried his little eyes out
In blank despair :

"Nobody will hob me !
Oh, what shall I do ?
Nobody will hob me,
And they've hobb'd you !

"Oh, how can I ever
Show my little face ?
Nobody will hob me
What a disgrace !

"I am one-and-twenty,
With a bearded chin :
Nobody will hob me—
Oh, what a sin ! "

Old Goblin Councillor
Answered him, "My son,
And why should they hob you ?
What have you done ?

"Have you fought and suffer'd ?
Righted any wrong ?
Or when inclined to speak,
Once held your tongue ?

"To the poor and needy
Handed out your pelf ?
In any single thing
Denied yourself ?

"Have you kept your temper ?
If insulted, smiled ?
Have you helped a woman
Fought for a child ?

"Have you served your country ?
Have you writ a book ?
Have you hung, even once,
On your own hook ?

"Have you done anything
Worthy of a hob ?
Then, why should they hob you,
You little snob ? "

Little Goblin Ketchup,
Almost fit to choke,
Gnash'd his teeth up and down,
Till seven broke !

Old Goblin Councillor,
Worried and perplex'd,
Took him to a Dentist,
Thoroughly vex'd.

Dentist put the teeth in
Above and below ;
Dentist pull'd the stumps out—
Ketchup said "Oh ! "

"See," said the Councillor,
"Passion's sad results ! "
"Sad ! " cried the Dentist, "when
Me he consults ! "

"Sad ! " cried the Dentist, "when
He consults me !
Mr. Goblin Ketchup,
Please where's my fee ? "

Ketchup, very sulky,
Glower'd and glowk'd grim,
Glar'd at the Councillor,
Saying, "Ask him ! "

"He's a rich old fellow
I'm extremly poor ! "
Old Goblin Councillor
Whisk'd through the door !

Dentist collar'd Goblin
Said, "I won't be sold :
Give me up my teeth, sir,
Or else your gold."

Goblin collar'd Dentist,
Said, "possession's law :
Gold's in my pocket, sir,
Teeth in my jaw."

Dentist seized his forceps,
Straight at Ketchup flew,
Stumbled on his club foot—
Broke it in two !

Poor deluded Dentist,
Moaning on the ground
Looking for his club-foot—
Not to be found !

Jolly little Goblin,
With nothing to fear,
Grinning at the Dentist
From ear to ear :

Laughing at the Dentist
With a "Haw ! haw ! haw ! "
Showing off his fine teeth,
Spick and span jaw.

There on the mantelpiece,
With a sudden shock,
Twelve strokes were stricken by
Dentist's French clock.

Ketchup stared and listen'd ;
It seemed like a trick ;
Memory awaken'd
Made conscience prick.

"And, oh, will they hob him
Who a dentist robs ?
Dirty little dogs are
Never made hobs ! "

Goblin pick'd up Dentist,
Found him his club-foot,
Tied it on so tightly
That it took root !

Paid him his money, and
Led him through the town,
Introduced him kindly to
Miss Goblin Browne :

Took him to a near church
Marriage did command,
Gave away Miss G. Browne
With his own hand ;

Cook'd the wedding breakfast
At the best of inns ;
Wrote a prime settlement,
With cask for pins ;

Printed the wedding cards,
Made the favours up ;
Baked a splendid cake, and
Mix'd the claret-cup.

In such a chaise-and-four
Dash'd them off to town !
Threw a shoe after them—
And then sat down.

All the old Hobgoblins,
Greatly pleased at this,
Said, "such a real Hob
We must not miss."

Instantly they hobb'd him,
These Hobgoblin Lords,
With a splash of splendour
And gleam of swords.

O Hobgoblin Ketchup !
Who's so glad as you ?
Oh, you are a real Hob !
How do you do ?

We have no fear that in the long conflict of ages God and truth will not win. And we never doubt that, if we are faithful to ourselves, all that is necessary for us to know or to accept will gradually come to us through the increasing knowledge of increasing years.—*John C. Learned.*

September.

["*Avril, l'honneur et le ris de Cypris.*"]

O golden child of the year
That is sere,
With robe of gossamer twining ;
O month that walkest a maid,
Unafraid,
O'er meadows with dew-pearls shining !

Thy rippling laugh is the breeze
In the trees,
Thy voice is the starling calling ;
Thy golden dower are the sheaves,
And the leaves
From wall and from woodland falling.

The hills lie purple in haze
All thy days,
The cloud sleeps over its shadow ;
As a ghost in raiment of white
All the night
The mist keeps watch o'er the meadow.

The splendour thou hast, yet the spleen
Of a queen ;
For oft, when the woods are fairest,
Thou darkenest heaven with a frown,
And thy crown
With a tempest of passion tearest.

Yet hast thou a kindly hest
Wayward guest,
And gently breakest the message,
That days more niggard of light
And the flight
Of gathering swallows presage.

O child of the summer past,
Though the last,
Yet dearest of all we find thee !
Oh, stay with us, and by thy stay
Keep away
The hungering winter behind thee !

F. W. B.

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul,
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll ;
And, when he comes to call thee, arise, and follow fast :
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light at last.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Compensations.

The ruby long outlasts the scented rose,
But then the ruby no such fragrance knows.
—*Trench.*

Every sweet with soure is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For easie things that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store:
Why then should I accoumpt of little Paine
That endlesse Pleasure shall unto me gaine?
—*Spenser.*

Yet the Power appears to-morrow
That to-day seems wholly lost,
And the reproductive sorrow
Is a treasure worth the cost.—*Haughton.*

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts!—*Browning.*

The fixed arithmic of the universe,—
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
Measure for measure unto deeds, words, thoughts,
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved;
Making all Future's fruits of all the Past.
—*E. Arnold.*

I heard a man proclaim,—all men were wholly base:
One such a one I knew there stood before my face!—*Trench.*

As one lamp lights another nor grows less,—
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.—*Lowell.*

We cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand!—*Emerson.*

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.—*Von Logan.*

In the nature of the Soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition.—*Emerson.*

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say—
"The night hath come; it is no longer day?"
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labour by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare . . . .
And, as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.
—*Longfellow.*

Let us own the sharpest smart
Which human patience may endure
Pays light for that which leaves the heart
More generous, dignified, and pure!
—*Coventry Patmore.*

Nothing will injure me . . . . for a bad man is not permitted to injure a better than himself.
—*Socrates.*

Great is the peril or toil, if the glory or gain be great!
Never a earthly gift without responsible weight!
Never a treasure without a following shade of care!
Never a power without the lurk of a subtle snare!—*F. R. Havergal.*

Hast thou beneath another's stern control
Bent thy sad soul,
And wasted sacred hopes and precious tears?
Yet calm thy fears!
For thou can'st gain, even from the bitterest part,
A stronger heart.
Hast thou found life a cheat, and worn in vain
Its iron chain?
Has thy soul bent beneath its heavy bond?—
Look thou beyond.
If life is bitter, there forever shine
Hopes more divine!—*A. Procter.*

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